

## A Mutual Pleasure

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Will Graham</a> , <a href="#">Hannibal Lecter</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
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# A Mutual Pleasure

by [BelladonnaWyck](#), [raiast](#)

## Summary

*“Why are you at my stake out, Lecter?” Hannibal’s eyes drag away from the entrance to his mark’s house several rows down and across the street, plenty of distance to keep him from suspicion, and settle on Will Graham. Eyes normally the color of sea glass are a darker shade of blue in his ire, and his mouth is pulled down in a perpetual moue of disapproval.*

## Notes

Day 24 of AU\_Gust Prompts is: Private Detectives

In which Hannibal very much wants to go for a ride...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Why are you at my stake out, Lecter?” Hannibal’s eyes drag away from the entrance to his mark’s house several rows down and across the street, plenty of distance to keep him from suspicion, and settle on Will Graham. Eyes normally the color of sea glass are a darker shade of blue in his ire, and his mouth is pulled down in a perpetual moue of disapproval.

“Will, what a pleasant surprise.” Hannibal smiles, showing his teeth as he feigns shock at Will’s sudden appearance. In truth he’s been expecting the man for over half an hour, rolling his window down earlier in preparation for his eventual arrival.

“The pleasure's all yours,” Will grumbles, already starting to turn away with a roll of his eyes when Hannibal doesn’t immediately answer his question.

Hannibal reaches out and wraps a palm around Will’s wrist before he gets too far. “It seems Mister Davenworth hired us both for the same job.”

Will’s appraising look is skeptical at best, and Hannibal only smiles more broadly. “Since we’re both getting paid anyway we should work together to finish the case. I’ve already found some compelling evidence of Misses Davenworth’s infidelity.”

A few rapid blinks of his eyes and then Will is laughing hard enough that tears begin to form in the corners of his eyes. One he’s finally calmed himself he wipes them away and nods, shaking his wrist free of Hannibal’s grip and walking around to the other side of the car. He opens the door and slides in, and Hannibal eyes him with his own level of suspicion now. “Is that all you managed to find, Lecter? You didn’t find *anything* about the financials?”

Hannibal frowns slightly, considering. He’d managed to obtain her financial records and had found nothing out of the ordinary, especially for a woman having an affair.

“She has a third, hidden account with a bank several cities away, a private credit union. I managed to find it this morning and it’s *compelling*.” He taunts, invoking Hannibal’s tone. He settles into the seat more comfortably, spreading his legs out in a wide sprawl.

“Well done, Will. I suppose it was time you *won one* as they say.” Hannibal deadpans, looking away when he sees movement from the corner of his eyes. It’s a false alarm, just a stray cat crossing the street in search of its next meal. His gaze is still cast upon the animal’s flicking tail as it disappears around the corner of a house when he suggests in a low murmur, “I don’t suppose there’s any way for me to convince you to join forces on this one. My pictures, your financial evidence -”

“*One payout*,” Will finishes with a huff. “Why the hell would I split compensation with someone when my evidence alone is enough to justify payment?”

Hannibal casts a glance to the man beside him, lashes low and smile demure even as the mere sight of hostile, restless Will Graham is enough to cause desire to churn warmly in his belly. “Perhaps I could find a way to compensate you in *other* ways.”

Will's glare turns colder still, his mouth set in a tight line. "I told you, Lecter, last time was the *last time*. I've got better things to do than straddle your dick all day."

Hannibal reigns in his smirk, knowing it will only agitate his companion further, even though he is certain he's not yet spent his last night between Will's thighs. "And supposing I was more interested in straddling *yours*?"

The detective freezes then, face blank, but cheeks burning crimson as he works over the implications of that statement mentally. Already Hannibal can smell arousal brewing within him; the scent of it musky and cloying, nearly suffocating in the enclosed space of the rental car they occupy, offset only by the pungent salt of Will's sweat. Hannibal wants to taste it all, having waited too long for the prickly man to make an appearance since their last interlude.

Will has said all along that he wasn't interested in Hannibal, that he didn't want to continue their trysts. But still they found themselves falling into each other - in beds both home and motel, in dank alleyways and derelict buildings. They've not yet fucked in a car, surprisingly, but Hannibal is willing to bet the bulge growing in Will's pants will end that anomaly soon enough.

It's not just a ploy to seek attention and affection - Hannibal truly wishes to feel the other man buried deep inside him, wants to wrap tight and hot around his cock and writhe on it until they both find their pleasure. Will, of course, is more than a little skeptical as to his intentions and voices them thusly.

"All of a sudden you wanna get fucked? What happened to the animal who so often slams me against walls, pins me down and makes me take it?"

"What happened to the man that so often swears we're not to see each other again? That spurns my affection and attention, so concerned for an ulterior motive?"

"Nothing between us is *affectionate*," Will spits back firmly. "Whatever... *ungodly* attraction there is...that's it. It's physical. A release."

"A mutual pleasure," Hannibal agrees. "So why are you so reluctant for it to continue?"

The younger man glares out the windshield in front of him, jaw clenched tightly and nostrils flared as he sucks in a deep breath. After a moment of contemplation - and no doubt rhythmic breathing to rein in his fickle temper - Will glances over to him.

"You're more than I want to be," Will admits softly, reluctantly, "and I can't let myself get lost in you."

Hannibal finds himself unsure of how to respond, surprised by Will's sudden change in mood. He's quiet now, looking not at Hannibal but just past him out the window and into the thick darkness of the late night. They're at the end of a quiet cul-de-sac, two of the street lamps seemingly out, and one motion detecting so it remains unlit while they stay in the car.

Words don't really seem necessary, and he's let it go too long now that a direct response to Will's melancholy would seem jarring and forced. Instead, Hannibal reaches over and places

his hand atop Will's jean-clad thigh, squeezing gently but firmly enough to get Will's attention.

He lets his knuckles just barely graze against the slight bulge he can see barely contained in Will's pants, bites back his smirk at the little hiss of surprise it garners from Will.

"Perhaps I could persuade you with action instead of words?" Hannibal offers, growing bolder when Will allows his legs to fall apart just enough to give Hannibal more room to work. Will is always so surly when they fuck, but tonight he seems softer somehow, tired, and Hannibal wants to wipe away the stiffness in his shoulders and the exhaustion gathering beneath his eyes.

He's always been helpless when it comes to Will Graham, he supposes this is no different.

Will only nods his approval, shifting again silently and letting Hannibal move to unbutton his jeans. Hannibal pretends to struggle with the clasp, wanting to see whether Will would actively participate in his own undoing. He's pleasantly surprised when the other man huffs and slaps Hannibal's hand away, clumsily but effectively sliding his button through and then lowering his zipper. The sound is deafening in the quiet intimacy of the car, and it only makes Hannibal want him more desperately.

Hannibal dawdles too long, it seems, Will growing restless. "Lecter, I don't have all night. I have a case to close," he growls, and Hannibal smirks, pressing harder against the growing bulge tucked just beneath Will's thin boxers. They aren't known for their quality, something black and simple that Hannibal shudders to imagine most likely comes in a *three pack*, and that's advantageous to him in this moment because it means he can grip Will easily through the fabric and *squeeze*.

Will hisses through clenched tight teeth and claws at the door frame, thrusting his hips up to meet Hannibal's teasing caresses. Hannibal watches his face, equal parts amused and satisfied as he tips his head back to fall against the seat, eyes squeezed closed as he puffs heavy breaths through his nose. He allows Hannibal to caress him this way only momentarily, not even bothering to look at him when he grits out, "I believe there was talk of you doing more than being a cocktease," he points out, rolls his head in Hannibal's direction and peels his eyes open to heavy-lidded slits. "Don't you want a ride?"

"More than you know," Hannibal agrees honestly.

He releases his hold upon Will immediately, turning his face away as he reaches over the other man to hide his smirk at the indignant *whine* pulled from his throat at the lack of touch. He invades Will's space, reaching down to the lever on the side of his seat and yanking it until the passenger seat jerks back as far as it can along its tracks. It's an awkward climb over the center console to move himself to the other side of the car, but Hannibal manages to navigate the space smoothly enough, settling into Will's lap and grinding down against his erection only seconds later.

"That's more comfortable," he purrs, leaning down toward Will and releasing a pleased hum when he not only accepts the gesture, but tilts his mouth up into the kiss.

It takes little effort to have Will parting his lips to make way for Hannibal's tongue, and Hannibal takes every advantage of the opportunity, licking into the hot cavern of his mouth and giving a low moan when Will's own tongue responds in kind. It appears he's not feeling quite as prickly as he's been letting on this evening, because Will receives and reciprocates the kiss with much less biting ferocity than usual, lathing his tongue across Hannibal's, hands falling to grip his hips to hold him in place even as Will rolls his own up into him.

"Where's the lube?" he mutters breathlessly between one kiss and then next as his hands begin to tug at Hannibal's fly.

"I'm not in the habit of storing lubricant in my rental vehicles," Hannibal informs him with an amused huff. "Though clearly I should rethink that policy."

Will's hands grow still at this information, pulling his head back as much as he can to peer up at Hannibal. "You don't have anything?"

"I've never been above making do," Hannibal assures him, slipping a hand between them to free Will's cock from the slit of his boxers and give it a stroke. "And I don't mind a bit of discomfort. Relish it, even."

His hand jerks back into motion, not to free Hannibal's own hard, throbbing cock, but to still the hand wrapped around Will's. "I'm not fucking you dry in a goddamn car."

"So concerned for my experience? I'd have thought you'd jump at the chance to exert dominance over me in any way possible."

"Then clearly you know nothing about me," Will spits, jerking at Hannibal's wrist until he's forced to release his hold upon Will.

He moves to squirm away, though there's clearly nowhere for him to go; brings his hands up to push at Hannibal's chest, but Hannibal catches them easily, raising one to place a swift kiss to his palm before tipping down to place a soothing, placating kiss to Will's pouting lips.

"I know you better than you might think," he murmurs against Will's mouth before pressing another soft kiss there. "Don't be so serious, darling. You'll find you'd be much happier if you relaxed with yourself."

"The man wearing a three-piece suit to an eight hour stakeout is telling me *I'm* too serious," Will grumbles, brows furrowing even as he returns Hannibal's next kiss.

"We can move somewhere more comfortable, if you like," Hannibal suggests, lips trailing along Will's jaw, down his throat. "Better equip ourselves. I'd still very much like you inside me, Will," Hannibal breathes before placing a sucking kiss to Will's pounding pulse point.

Will gives a low moan, arching his hips up into Hannibal once more. Hannibal can't stop the smirk that twists his lips, certain that Will can feel it pressed to his flesh, even if he can't see it.

“Perhaps we should take care of this... *growing* need, first,” Hannibal suggests, slipping a hand between them to finish freeing his cock. He’s got them both in hand before Will can reply, whatever he’d opened his mouth to say cut off by a soft whimper. “After all,” Hannibal continues, pumping his hand slowly up and down the lengths of them, “we have all night.”

“Like fuck we do,” Will growls, regaining the upperhand enough to join his palm with Hannibal’s where he’s circled around their shafts. He immediately turns it fast and filthy, releasing his grasp only long enough to spit into his palm lewdly before returning to his ministrations. Will focuses on their cockheads while Hannibal teases at the base, pulling a small grunt from him as Will digs his nail into the sensitive underside of his tip.

“The faster you come the faster we can get the fuck out of here and back to my room,” Will taunts, increasing the pace and bumping Hannibal’s hand out of the way entirely.

“You mean abandon our post? What of poor Mister Davenworth and his adulterous wife?” Hannibal chuckles breathlessly when Will’s grip grows tighter and more purposeful.

“Fuck Mister Davenworth, he’s cheating too. His wife paid me four times his rate to prove *his* infidelity so she can divorce him and take half of everything, business and all.” Will reveals, and Hannibal must admire his unpredictability. In all their time circling around each other, Hannibal has never truly been able to predict anything Will Graham has done.

“What a wicked boy you are. And you just planned to have me do all this work with ultimately no compensation.” Hannibal *tsks* chastisingly, but Will distracts him again with another well timed flick of his wrist, pulling Hannibal over the edge with a hiss of surprise.

Will keeps working them both over even as Hannibal starts to grow soft, chasing his own pleasure now. Hannibal allows it, relishing in the electric shocks of pain that shoot down his shaft, spilling through him and twisting into something akin to pleasure. “If you’re good for me later tonight when you take everything I give you, maybe I’ll consider paying you for your *work and efforts*.” Will laughs, and soon he’s spilling over his fist and staining their cocks with his release.

It seeps into Hannibal’s pants but he can’t be bothered to move, content to stay seated atop Will for the rest of the evening, his stomach clenching with more burgeoning arousal at the idea that he *will* be in his lap again soon enough.

“You know...thinking on it...they really are *both* shit people. I’d hate for even one of them to feel like they won, in the end,” Will muses out loud, uncaring for the cooling seed growing tacky between them.

Hannibal gives a considering hum to that, petting along Will’s clothed thighs; he’s certain his companion doesn’t miss the way he wipes the filth from his hands as he does so. “Perhaps someone should warn them that their numerous offshore accounts might rouse suspicion during vicious divorce proceedings.” Hannibal suggests with a smirk, watching as Will’s eyes narrow.

"You said you didn't know anything about their financials."

"Hm. I lied. What do you plan to do about it?"

Will's lips curl into a lazy smirk as he fists his dirty hands into the lapels of Hannibal's jacket, dragging him down into another kiss. "*First*, I plan to take you to my motel, lay you out on my bed and fuck the living daylights out of you," he announces in a murmur, lips brushing against Hannibal's as he speaks. "*Then*, I think, we should call a meeting with our employers. I'm sure they'd be happy to pay us handsomely for the legal advice, especially once I let them know *more* than a few of their previous employees would be happy to corroborate just *where* the bulk of their assets are really being generated."

Hannibal's chest swells with pride as he gazes adoringly at Will. He'd been willing to sit on just that information, ready to twist it to his advantage if a favor was needed from the business man down the road, but he can't help but feel charmed by Will's desire to play a strong hand when one's been dealt to him.

"Wicked boy," Hannibal chastises again, though his tone holds next to no admonishment.

Will tilts his head up and nips at Hannibal's lips, soothing them with a dart of his tongue before his own pull into a playful grin as he echoes mockingly, "What do you plan to do about it?"

## End Notes

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'Til next time!   BellaRai

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